There was no hope for him this time; it was the third stroke. Night after night I had passed the house (it was vacation time) and studied the lighted square of windows: and night after night I had found it lighted in the same way, faintly and evenly. If he was dead, I thought, I would see the reflection of candles on the backyard blind for I knew that two candles must be set at the head of a corpse. He had often said to me:

'I am not long for this world —
and I shall speak his words idle. How I knew they were true. For every night as I gazed up at the window I said softly to myself the words I analyzed. I felt always surrounded strangely in my heart by the word graven in the turret and the word graven in the catacombs. But now it smote me like the name of some maniacal and painful feeling. It filled me with fear and yet I longed to be nearer to it and to look upon its deadly work.

Old Cotter was sitting at the fire, smoking, when I came downstairs to supper. While my aunt was ladling out soup